



The Weeper Virus "Outbreak"



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Chapter 1 by A_Merry_Kat

The dark haired girl shuddered, cold from the washing water. Even though she was wearing a bio-hazard suit, she was still able to feel the the cold water on the tile of the facility floor. "They could at least turn up the heat," she muttered. Putting down her cleaning equipment for a moment, she rubbed her eye through the flexible mask and thick rubber glove. It had been burning all morning... must be these new chemicals they were having her use. She lowered her gloved hand as the announcer came on the intercom, announcing the allowed lunch break for shift 1 A. She was 4 J... oh well. Sighing, she started to pack up her equipment and move to the next sector. Her chest was hurting... she rubbed her chest through the heavy cleaning equipment, feeling her mother's locket... the pain faded. With a sigh she started to push her cart with supplies along- she stopped abruptly collapsing to the ground. "What the h-STTTFFEEHH!" She hissed through her teeth as her chest blossomed with pain, sharp as a knife. "Was it the sigh!?" The sheer amount of raw pain brought tears to her eyes, she tried to grab for her radio, she could hear an alarm somewhere, maybe someone saw her?... tears started running down her face and dropping down onto her mask. She couldn't breathe, she ripped it off. She ripped off her mask and gloves, clawing at her chest and eyes. Her eyes were burning again, it felt like they were on fire, like they were going to turn into acid and burn

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panic of the city, of the state... of the nation. "NOOOO I WONT LET IT HAVE ME ILL KILL IT FIRRRSTTTT!!" She took off running down the hall, screaming maniacally, sobbing uncontrollably. As she ran, her chest began to bleed. The unnatural blood burned through the bio-hazard suit, leaving it in tatters as she ran. Sobbing wildly, she clawed at her eyes as she ran. Her fingers were being covered in a thick, black slime that ate away at her fingers until all that was left was bone, and that began to melt. Tearing down the hall, red lights everywhere, she wasn't in control anymore. Her wailing and weeping continued as she tore past room after room, hall after hall, lab after lab. Then her eyes started to change. That's when the lab supervisor paused the tape and turned to him. "Now, this IS fascinating, a new and un-predicted symptom, watch closely." He played the security footage again, zooming in on her eyes as she collapsed to the ground. Static lines went up the screen, but he leaned in closer, listening to his own choice for head of the lab. She ripped at her eyes and they liquefied, eating away at the flesh of her eyes, of her face. Still screaming it began to eat away at her skull, turning the bone sticky and thick. Her screaming and weeping slowly turned to gargling as she collapsed to the ground, her flesh was gone, every shred. Her skeleton, her bones, are bubbling, like someone is boiling a thick taffy. After another ten seconds of white pulsating, it froze like a rock, then vaporized, fine white powder, torn away by the various air vents. "Now that," said the lab supervisor, pausing the tape, "is new. I have never seen that happen with the eyes before. It seems that whatever they became was powerful enough to change the structure of her bones, not to mention eating the dough her brain matter." He leaned back, relaxing into his office chair. He finally spoke. "Shut it down." The lab supervisor paused, confused. "You- you mean the project?! But sir we've come so far and-" "we do not speak of the project. I meant that facility. This was from yesterday you said? Shut it down. Today. The point is shown." "Uh- yes sir. Thank you for your time sir." The lab supervisor walked out of His office and closed the door gently... he could feel the icy stare through the thick wooden door. After the lab supervisor left, He turned back to the monitor, making fast res for it to rewind. He watched the event again, noting that it only took about 5 minutes for the virus to be activated, and destroy the subject. "Good work- I'll have to promote you, again." He turned away from the monitor, but in the corner of his eye he could see the subject as her eyes liquefied.

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